

"WHO RIDE ON WHITE HORSES" - - - APRIL 22, 23, 24

High School Leaders For March

Fourth High A:	
Harry Hall	93%
Cliff Malone	91%
Fourth High B:	
Ernest Rossi	90%
Patrick Cody	85%
Joseph Roney	85%
Third High A:	
Albert Boisjoli	94%
Bernard Gollop	93%
Hugh Kerrin	93%
Third High B:	
James Leahy	99%
Paul McGee	96%
Second High A:	
Francis McKinney	96%
Howard Gregory	95%
Second High B:	
Jacques Bureau	90%
Warren Tremblay	89%
Second High C:	
Edward Saldana	81%
Fred Mateu	81%
First High A:	
William Callaghan	92%
Noble Drumm	88%
First High B:	
Maurice Malone	98%
John Leclerc	95%
First High C:	
Hubert Hollingsworth	94%
Philip Girard	91%
Preparatory:	
Reg Clayton	85%
Jacques Ranger	81%

THE PLAYERS . . .



Left to right: Guy Desjardins — Duke of Anjou; Dave Asselin — Campion; Jack O'Brien — Queen Elizabeth; Bob O'Connell — Lord Dudley; Pat Devaux — Sir Philip Sydney.

Sophomore Social in Foyer

Last Friday evening to the strains of Frank Monahan and his orchestra the social endeavour of the class of '44 entitled Sophantics '42, was held in the foyer of the Auditorium. Close to sixty couples attended this very successful and enjoyable event which was the fruit of the industrious labour on the part of the Sophs for the past six weeks.

The hall was sumptuously decorated with drapes of maroon and blue while pennants, steamers, placards and bunting added the finishing touches by their abundance. All decorations were conceived by Robert Lindsay and his able assistant John MacDonell.

Highspot of the evening was a smart but strange floor show under the capable M.C. Kevin Kierans. There was the presentation of the Intra Mural Trophy to captain Tom Davy by Mr. Rushman S.J., three selections by a quintet who made up in volume and antics what they lacked in harmony, a vocal solo by John "Now they know that I can sing" Martin and a side-splitting sermon by Frank Higgins. There were also some very valuable door prizes awarded,

cont'd p. 4 col. 1

The Story

It is the story of a man's choice, his conscience or his Queen. Edmund Campion at Oxford was clever, gay and gallant and he remained so to the end. But at Oxford he was ready to

serve his Queen, obeying her every request until he found that such a servant could have not even a conscience to call his own.

And so he chose to retain his conscience, to become the Queen's quarry, not the Queen's favourite. He accepted the challenge worded for him by a humble Irish laborer on the steps of Dublin Cathedral: "We are the kind who will do the fighting and dying, but who will do the baptizing and the saying of the Masses. . . . It is the men of God we need. It is men like yourself."

From then on "where the man of God was needed", there was Edmund Campion. His life-story takes him to Cardinal Allen in Rome, and to membership in the Jesuit Order, back to England, and up and down its countryside, with the human bloodhounds closer and closer on his trail; that journey ends in death on Tyburn.

Queen Elizabeth, expert at hand-picking useful ministers, is forced to sentence to death this man whom she and Lord Dudley had sought since that visit to Oxford years before. Elizabeth wanted, not a man, but a tool; Edmund Campion wanted to

serve, not as a tool, but as a man. Therefore he had to serve Christ and obey his conscience. He remained, to the end, the clever, gay and gallant spirit who had so attracted the Queen, but beneath the gallantry was a solidity founded upon hard facts, which neither bribery nor cajolery could soften.

DUBLIN CATHEDRAL

Act I



QUEEN'S PALACE

Act II



Loyola News

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AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM

**"Error which is not withstood is approved;
and the truth which is not defended is crushed."**

The Citadel of Sanity

There remain but a few more editions of the News this year. And in those final editions we will be explicit on the point which we have made the motto, as it were of the paper. If you will read the quotation above this editorial, you will find expressed succinctly what we have tried to convey, at times perhaps only too verbosely.

A column appears in a Canadian Catholic weekly under the title of "The Challenge" I can think of no better way of fittingly expressing what the Catholics reaction to the world around him should be.

For no Catholic is a true Catholic unless he is a fighting Catholic. There is no place in this army for the indifferent although there is a stout support for the weak. If we wish to uphold Truth we must defend it; and if we wish to avoid a compromise with Heresy we must crush it.

And Heresy with its million offspring walks all about us. It hides in popular literature, it lurks in popular science, it leers from popular newspapers. In every field of human endeavour falsehood has its effects. In politics, international and national; in economics; in the social sciences; everywhere the effects of error can be seen and what is worse, felt. Education is the distribution of truth; but education has become the dissemination of bald lies.

Error lurks in catch-phrases and in popular slang. It colours our actions through dormant ideas, and twists our thoughts through the atmosphere which it creates. For instance, I remember when quite some years younger, a friend of mine exclaimed quit pontifically to me that England was very foolish to be sucked in to the last war as allies of the French, for after all the Germans were really the more upright and gentlemanly nation. My friend was too young to be speaking from his own investigations, but he was speaking rather from what he had heard. Or if he had not heard it, he had felt it. And even now many people still have confused notions about "the Latins". And when pressed for evidence they resort to something like "Oh well it's well known". That is one case where error has twisted men's minds. It is the same wherever you turn.

Philosophy is the soil from which actions spring. If the soil is rotten then the actions are rotten. You think and then act, or you do not think and then act according to someone else's thought. But always thought come first. But of even more importance than philosophy is religion. For religion transcends philosophy and guides its footsteps. So that at the basis of every civilization religion will be found to be responsible for its barbarism or its culture.

Now there is only one religion which is the strong-box of Truth and hence of sanity. There is only one Church which is self-sufficient because it is totally dependent on Christ. All other churches stand merely by reason of the truths they have filched from the Pillar of Truth. And our civilization is sane, our society is cultured, only because of the beauty and magnificence that have flowed from that Church. The Western civilization did not reach great heights because of its Greco-Roman inheritance but because of the wonderful gift of the Citadel of Sanity,—Christ's Church.

Our society is insane, is barbaric, only where it has lost, or thrown away part of the great body of co-ordinated truths which is the Catholic Church. It has fastened on one of Her truths and ignored the rest. And segration and exaggeration has only served to render the one truth a lie and hideous. And that is why it is not an empty phrase to say that the world is insane. For insane men are men who have lost their intellectual perspective. And that is just what the world has done by its dissection of Christ's truths, lost its intellectual perspective.

Now you men in college have the incomparable good fortune to be possessed of this whole body of truth. You are members of the Citadel of Sanity. You are Catholics. You have what the world needs. I see nothing but a plain duty to do all in your power to give the world its remedy, and especially college men who should be leaders of companies in this fight.

ACTION

by JACK O'BRIEN

Well, here we are back punching out the old column again after a short holiday, but we weren't exactly idle in that time. We had a chance to sit in on the meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Catholic Youth Union, and the progress of this group proved amazing. You will doubtless remember that Father Daly was appointed National Chaplain last year and since then has visited every English-Speaking Diocese in Canada. Under his able direction things have begun to hum.

Tim Slattery, of old Loyola fame, presided, and during the evening two important projects were tabled. The more important one for the moment is the planning of the summer school which will probably take place sometime in September, and it is planned to run this school in conjunction with a proposed visit of Father Lord to the city. But perhaps we're giving something away. You will probably hear something more about it in the near future. The other project was one, which if carried out, should prove a boon to the Canadian Catholic Soldiers everywhere. It was planned to organize the Catholic Youth of Canada to care for their own soldiers—perhaps even to start recreation centres in different places throughout Canada. This project is a mighty difficult one, and to be carried out successfully needs a good deal of foresight and planning, but the executive is determined that if it becomes at all feasible, they will see it through. In the English-speaking section three Loyola men held important positions on the Executive with Tim Slattery, President, Dave Sutherland, Vice-President, and George Varnier, Secretary.

Our thanks to Dave Sutherland for writing "Action" in the last issue. It would be well if we gave some thought to at least one point which he mentioned i.e. the activities which the Loyola Sodality intends to take part in for Our Lady's Month. The first of the month is only two weeks away — which does not leave much time for planning. If you have any ideas of what our Sodality might do to celebrate World-Wide Sodality, why not pass them on to whom they can do the most good. See the College or High School Prefects and let them know about you "brain-trust", or send them in to this column and we'll see that they get to their destination.

UNDER THE TOWER

By AB MELLOR

We remarked in the last issue that it was about time we heard from Joe Sullivan, and sure enough Joe dropped in the other week. Bob Joyce brings word of Rollie Brousseau from Brockville. Leacy Freeman was up on the Flat the other day. Still as hale and care-free as ever. Just back from New York.

* * *

Seniors more serious now. That was a very good retreat from all angles. Saturday morning saw a few very glum faces for more reasons than one....

* * *

The Senior class-room will soon be resounding with that ancient lament: "That was o'er passed; this may pass also" as the boys start in on those final exams which are really final this time. No wonder some of them are threatening to get away from it all and join the army.

* * *

Johnny Brayley was in town for the retreat. Boy is he getting fat and prosperous-looking. He is a real good ad for Brockville. But then some men just feed on work. Last year's Seniors don't take a back seat for anyone. Here, there are two of them contemplating marriage already. I should have said at least two, for there are some sources unheard from, and others which we have suspected for a long time and still others that have been talking that way for a long time.

* * *

But Vic Mitchell seems to be all lined up for this summer. And Frankie Hamill by all reports is headed for the altar, as the columnists say.

* * *

The boys at the C.O.T.C. had better start ramrodding their backs and brush-cutting their hair in preparation for Mort Thompson's return from R.M.C.

Well I was almost right in my forecast of the Easter weather. At least it snowed recently. But snow or no snow you cannot deny that spring is here in spirit if nothing else. And now comes the real test. The sun burning outside with new brightness, the grass fresh and green, the campus spread like a great sheet inviting, no, enticing, one to lay and dream. And we must dig our noses deep into the text-books and never say a word.

* * *

That Sophomore dance was a great success. But I don't know where they unearthed the singers. Johnny Martin did himself a real job on his song however.... Poor Tom Davis who was the cruel creature who incited him to such an outrage.... Merv Labelle seemed to be having his troubles.... can anyone tell me where that wandering young gentleman McCallum goes all the time... there seemed to be a lack of Seniors and Juniors... that was quite a prize Guy La Hart won... they should have made him take it home with him... J.K. seems to have taken to heart the fact that we called him a dangerous man on the dance floor... he was up in the balcony where he could have plenty of room... Jack Gagnon seemed to be exceedingly happy about something.... maybe the Seniors and Juniors didn't come because they couldn't stand seeing Soph presented with the hockey trophy.... poor Frankie, tied down to a piano all night... there seemed to be an overabundance of eatables... the committee looked like that dismayed lay brother Peter from the "Lay of St. Dunstan" who couldn't stop the broom after he had started it bringing him the good things of the abbey... but better too much to eat than too little.

* * *

Those signs on the walls of the Foyer occasioned many an embarrassing question.... McEarchern must have been disappointed over his box of pecan nuts... and I haven't the slightest idea what Bernie Legare is going to do with that gold-fish bowl... we missed the wandering form of Polan but the family was represented... George Morley is still a last minute man... there must be a story behind his evening somewhere... he certainly shows interest though.... Red Season always seems to have something extraordinary happen to him.... he was explaining away something he had on his coat the last time I saw him... that is the second dance at which I have had occasion to listen to people remarking how old they felt.

* * *

Juniors busy getting started on the Convocation dance. I don't think I have ever seen more relieved faces than those of the Seniors than when the dance was mentioned and all they had to do was say "Oh, Juniors are running it".

* * *

Well it is twenty past three and there is a parade at twenty to four so I must sacrifice my art (sighs of "thank heaven") and attend C.O.T.C. One cannot afford to be late for parade these days.

"FOUNDING OF MONTREAL"
WINNING POEM

A CITY BUILT FOR GOD

by Frank Higgins '44

A city founded for God we say
And sometimes question this;
But let us look back to another day
When began on a holy morn in May

Our mighty metropolis
The Eastern sky was flooded in light
As dawn stole over the land,
And Jerome, kneeling in silent prayer,
Heard an angel's voice that filled the air
And told Monsieur de la Dauversiere,
God's wonderful command.

"You will found", saith God, from his throne on High,
'A city across the sea,

'To be built as the home of Christian men
'To be raised for the love of Me.'"

So Jerome rose from the place where he knelt,
As the sound of the Voice grew dim,
For His Lord had filled him with Heavenly Grace
To travel afar to a foreign place
And found in the midst of a heathen race

A city built for Him
He prayed at the altar of Notre Dame
For his Heavenly Mother's aid,
Then went forth to gather other men
For his glorious Crusade.
God's Providence brought them from every side..
They came both young and old
For the Voice had whispered in other ears
And its sound had silenced human fears.
That braving torture, pain and tears
They joined his little fold.

In little ships they sailed away
Through the wilderness of the deep;
But at the helm God's angel stood
And steered a safe course through the menacing flood
Whose waves lashed at the brotherhood
Whom God held in his keep.

Then through the light of a misty dawn
Rose cliffs of majesty;
Rugged ethereal battlements
Of a new land wide and free
But a land that was flooded in hardship,
Where evil was pitted with good,
Where nature killed in endless strife,
Where the tomahawk flashed, and the scalping-knife
Was stained with the blood of a Christian life

In the depths of some virgin wood.
But the men of God feared no such thing
As weakened lesser men,
For His spirit was within their hearts
And each had the strength of ten.
So, few in number, they journeyed on
While their perils increased with each day;
But with the measure of each long stride,
While danger lurked on every side,
The angel of God was their help and guide
To protect them on their way.
Until, one morning in the Spring,
Upon this blessed sod
The shining host was raised on high
And 'neath a blue Canadian sky
Our bond, our compact and our tie
Was made with the Lord our God.

College Diary

Although Soph class got off to a bad start with their Sofa Antics, they certainly redeemed themselves with their lively presentation of the Sophantics.

Superwolf was there—minus his gang. We still think there are a lot of nicer songs than "Tangerine", Jake. Two bad the Hi Potentates of Senior and the lesser powers of Junior were occupied elsewhere.

Everything ran according to a well-laid iplan — even to the awarding of door prizes. Mantha still thinks it was fixed. Why doesn't somebody enlighten him?

John "I'm sober as a Judge" Solford really outshone himself as chief cook and bar-room tender—as well as assistant rabbit chaser.

Merv "I'm gonna find the guy who writes this column yet" Labelle is in high spirits, since he now finds a barrow more of a support than crutches. I wouldn't lean too hard, Ting, Davis might roll it from under you.

cont'd on col. 4

SKI-WACKS

by EMMETT McKENNA



Like all other good things, skiing for '42 is definitely on the way out. However, for us more rabid fans, good shussing can still be had, "if" one is willing to pay for it. I just left Mt. Tremblant a week ago Wednesday, in the midst of a snow-storm. At that time, on the upper level, there was between forty and forty-five inches of good corn snow. It's quite a different story at St. Adele and the other more popular resorts. Hill 80 reminds one of a patchwork quilt of white and black design. For the skier it is of utmost importance that he skip the black spots as best he can, or else.

To get back to Tremblant, and oh boy, would I ever like to, the following will give you a fair idea of just how much a weekend will cost: Train fare: \$3.50 approx.; Tow Ticket: \$3.00 (including a single ride up the first tow, and an all-day ticket on the second level); Room: \$1.00 per day, anywhere except Ryan's; Board: .50 per meal; Miscellaneous: \$5.00 (at least). Therefore an average weekend from Friday night to Sunday would cost anywhere from \$12.50 to \$16.50. So, come on boys, if you're counting on skings, let's see you start digging.

This will probably be the last ski column of the year, but, contrary to custom, we will not tug at your heart-strings with the usual sob-story account of the great, and the not-so-great, days of the past. In its stead we will finish up with a few timely remarks on how to store your skis and equipment for the summer months:

1. Remove all wax and lacquer from skis:—steel wool and turpentine will remove most waxes and lacquers.
2. Coat the skis, top and bottom, with a solution: 1 part turpentine, 2 parts linseed oil. If possible, allow skis to dry in the sun. Repeat this process two or three times during summer.

3. Keep skis in blocks, i.e. fastened securely at top and bottom with a block of wood about 3" thick placed between the skis at the balance point.

4. Waterproof your boots with dubbin or some similar product; allow to dry a couple of days and apply a good coat of shoe polish. Keep shoe-trees in your boots all the time. Apply a little dubbin to the leather parts of ski poles, and if made of bamboo or tonkin cane, apply a coat of shellac or varnish. This will prevent any cracking in the wood.

P.S. I have been asked to write an article for the Review: all suggestions and contributions from skiers will be very gratefully accepted.

cont'd p. 4 col. 3

"FOUNDING OF MONTREAL"
WINNING ESSAY

MONTREAL . . .

by Edwin Bassett '45

The time was in the spring of 1642. The scene was laid in the vicinity of the Montreal of today. Scouts of the Iroquois, ranging through this territory saw a column of smoke leisurely curling up through the mild spring air. Investigation revealed to them a new outpost of the hated white man. This must have seemed the height of audacity to those dusky skinned barbarians; for this site lay far from Quebec, and one had only to scale a short distance up the mountain side to see the peaks of the Adirondacks, the sentinels of the land of the Five Nations. There was a glint in the eyes of those warriors that boded ill for the infant settlement, a glint that said that soon the tiny settlement would be turned to smoky ashes; that soon its inhabitants would be in the happy hunting grounds of their grandfathers. The Iroquois did come, in bands of hundreds. But when they departed Ville Marie remained, as before. The cruel winters of the north swept over the settlement. And amid the cold there were all the privations and hardships of the Frontier. But in spite of all the tiny village continued to prosper and to grow.

Their motive could not have been make such heroic sacrifices? What cause led them to spurn the comforts of their home lands and to seek out the perils, the hardships, and perhaps the death that awaited those who entered the wilderness that was New France?

Their motive could not have been the desire of material wealth, for the frontier, especially the frontier of 1642, was not a place to attract those seeking the easy way to wealth. Nor did these men flee from persecution or punishment in their own country. They were neither outcasts nor culprits, but rather honest and respected citizens representing all walks of life.

DIARY—cont'd from col. 2

Found two hours after the dance: C. Lindsay and his girl friend picking up Coca-Cola bottle tops. Crawford's contribution to the war effort. What some girls have to put up with. My! My! Johnny Martin says: "Too bad Bing sounds so much like me. First thing, you people will be accusing Crosby of stealing my stuff".

Any graduates seeking employment apply to head-usher Braceland and 2 I.C. Asselin. It seems there is a vacancy in the left aisle in the Kent Theatre. Only requirements are courage to sit through a double feature more than once — and a nice quiet voice with which to say: "Yes Mam— first door to the left with the sign over it".

cont'd p. 4 col. 4

No. Their motive was a far greater one than greed; far more noble and inspiring than fear. They lived and worked and gave their all for love.

Ville-Marie, later to become the metropolis of Montreal had its beginning in the vision of Jerome de la Dauversiere. It was through the efforts of this noble man that there came into being the Compagnie de Notre Dame de Montreal, through which the new settlement was financed and organized.

The expedition, ably captained by Raul de la Maisonneuve, was primarily spiritual in its intent. Its immediate aim was the establishment of three religious communities: one of priests and two of nuns, who were to work in this new field for the aggrandizement of the Kingdom of God upon earth. Thus, with the first Mass on May 18, 1642, was founded the Village of Ville-Marie.

The question has often been proposed: what caused the tiny village of Ville-Marie to grow to the greatness of the Montreal we know today? Men will list as elements contributing to this growth, numberless advantages of location. But I believe that one important factor in this success story has been overlooked. This circumstance is concisely and completely summed up in Tennyson's well-known words: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of".

Let us take a few moments and travel back into the past, to the early days of Ville-Marie. We stand on the mountain-side and look downward through the clear wintry air into the tiny village. The scene is beautiful beyond description with the weird beauty of a world of shapes and shadows lighted by the flickering glow of the Northern Lights.

Away down there in the valley we see a single light, and from that spot the sound of music drifts up through the quiet air:—Vespers: "Like strangers' voices here they sound

In lands where not a memory strays
Nor landmark tells of other days

But all is new unhallowed ground."

It is clear that the great English poet was not thinking of this picture when he wrote those words, but their appropriateness is striking.

If one were to bear this scene in mind and to give it any consideration he could not help but be convinced that here is to be found the key to the success of Ville-Marie. The toils and sufferings of the founders have borne fruit. Indeed "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of".

SPORT



NOTES



BY

Bob Meagher

FATHER AND SON BANQUET

That veritable bee hive of activity, Tom McKenna, passes along the glad tidings that the second annual Father and Son banquet sponsored by the L.C.A.A. will definitely be held this year early in May.

This should and will, no doubt, prove a source of pleasant surprise to those who attended last year's banquet and who can remember the very enjoyable evening. No announcement has been made at this date as to who will be the guest of honour, but you can rest assured that the high standard established last year when Mr. F. J. Shaughnessy was the speaker will be maintained. So remember, you and your Dad are busy on the night of May 2nd.

FAMILY TRADITION;

Bill Doyle, former High School student, was in town last week-end sporting a new suit... an Air Force uniform. Bill will be remembered for the magnificent catch he made two years ago on the football field and which paved the way for Loyola's entrance into the city final. Apparently these DoYLES are an air minded family, as John, the big brother of the clan, is now overseas as a Sergeant Pilot. All Bill's friends and admirers wish him all the best on his most recent exploit.

BATTER UP;

On these sunny afternoons, the sound of hickory on horsehide may be heard echoing from the playing field adjoining the C.O. T.C. building as all followers of Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth, Maurice Van Robays etc. are hard at work getting in condition for the coming baseball season. Students who are greatly influenced by the advent of spring and consequently spend hour on hour (usually between nine in the morning and three thirty in the afternoon) undergo a sudden transformation. At this time nothing has been heard from Loyola's Joe McCarthy, Mr. Doyle S.J. as to the prospects of having a ball team again, but hopes are high that with a little persuasion, if necessary, Mr. Doyle and his clan of ball fiends will soon be seen in action again. Whatever the outcome, John McMullen will still spend each p.m. developing his Chet Kehn technique.

SALT AND PEPPER;

Eddie Langan was approached on the street the other day and given a tattered newspaper clipping which told in the best Montreal Star fashion all about Ed's brother Chet, sometimes known as George... the stranger had taken diminutive Eddie for even more diminutive Chet, anyhow Langan Jr. is quite proud of his being mistaken for the eminent George... It seems that Jim "A custodian am I" Mell is developing into quite a problem for this corner... now the Gunner wants a picture of him a) in Goaler's pads and b) in a typical Hooley Smith pose inserted in this publication... Babe McLeod is back in harness again and may be seen holding sessions periodically with his leather pushers... the Intra Mural champs were seeking an out of town game against Brownsburg, until the robin arrived... Eddie Emberg stood out like a sore thumb in the Royals-Oshawa series which, in case you didn't know the boys from Buick town won in four straight games... the Royals were certainly far from par in their home games at least.

Don't Miss College Play

SOPH SOCIAL

cont'd from p. 1 col. 5

the most enjoyable of which was a cute white rabbit the proud possession now of Guy Mantha of Junior.

Refreshments, always a headache to dance committees, were served by John Colford and his committee, and judging by the

comments, they were well received by the guests.

Those who so kindly extended their patronage to this event were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. John Colford and Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanaugh all of whom helped invaluable in the presentation of this social.

SOPHS WIN I. L.

Tom Davis and his Sophs took possession of the Intra Mural for the second straight year on Holy Thursday morning when they set back Pete Shaughnessy's Freshmen to the tune of 3-2. Hardly given a chance against the strong skating, well balanced Freshman squad, the Sophs won the game on what may be called fight alone.

The contest was but a minute old when little Don McDonald, of the boys in green, beat Jim Lewis in the Freshies nets and from then on Sophomore never let go of their lead. Time and time again the front line of O'Connor, McDonald and Frank Porteous, who also starred for the Senior High aggregation, vainly stormed the Sophomore net only to be repulsed by Tom Davis who was outstanding in the second year men's nets. Freshman's two goals were counted by Frank Porteous and Jimmy O'Connor while Bob Meagher and Johnny Martin scored Soph's other markers.

This is the second time that the class of '44 has taken the beautiful trophy in as many years. Last season as Freshmen, they met Senior in the playoff finals and emerged victorious by a narrow margin and they repeated the process this year by eliminating Junior in the first round of the playdowns after having managed to squeeze into the Championship race by a very narrow margin. It is interesting to note that the Sophomores won only two of their six scheduled games, while the Freshmen won five and lost but one.

The line-up;

Sophome (3) Freshman (2)
Davis goal Lewis
McCallum def. E. Meagher
Kierans def. LaFleche
Martin centre McDonald
McDonald wing O'Connor

Sophomore Alternates; R. Meagher, Dika.

Freshman Alternates; Hutchings, Seasons, O'Toole, O'Connell, Walsh.

Referee; Mr. L. Carroll S.J.

SKI-WACKS

cont'd from p. 3 col. 3

P.P.S. Three cheers for the Skiddoodlers; once again they finished the year with a surplus in the bank. This year the amount was \$1.54. What do you know! — that's almost .54 better than last year.

P.P.P.S. Good-bye for now, thank you for your patience in coming this far, and the very best of luck to Bob Swinton and the boys next season. That trophy should come back to stay next year.

College Diary

cont'd from p. 3 col. 4

Question: "Where's Mortimer?" Answer: "Oh, he got his draft call—last seen heading for R.M.C." Preliminary to taking his cadet training course, no doubt. Who knows — Maybe Brockville next.

Neil "Unconscious" King: "I haven't done anything wrong since I came here".

Dean: "You mean you haven't done anything, period. And what's more you are influencing others to do likewise."

J. K. McKenna: "You know, Murph, there's only one thing I like better than a Second Looie —somebody with two pips".